FOUR LINES PICA, No. 4.

FOUR LINES PICA, No. 4.

THOUSE BOILS No.

LOUR PIMES LICY No.

Great Primer, No. 5.

bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus lo palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium

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effrenata jactabit andacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil con Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? qua mdin nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese

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ENGLISH, No. 4.

LEADED.

Whatever similitude may be between humour in writing, and humour in conversation, they are generally found to require different talents. Humour in writing is the offspring of reflection, and is by nice touches and labour brought to wear the negligent air of nature; whereas, wit in conversation is an enemy to reflection, and glows brightest when the imagination flings off the thought the moment it arises, in its genuine new-born dress.

Men a little elevated by liquor seem to have a peculiar facility at striking out the capricious and fantastic images that raise our mirth; in fact, what we generally admire in the sallies of wit, is the nicety with which they touch upon the verge of folly, indiscretion, or malice, while at the same time they preserve thought, subtlety, and good-humour; and what we laugh at is the motley appearance, whose "whimsical consistency" we cannot account for.

People are pleased at wit for the same reason they are fond of diversion of any kind, not for the worth of the thing, but because the mind is not able to bear an intense train of thinking; and yet the ceasing of thought is insufferable or rather impossible.

In such an uneasy dilemma, the unsteady excursions of wit give the mind its natural action, without fatigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the imagination—

MUGINSH. No. 4.

. GROAN

Whereas similarly ray be between his more in writing, and impour in conversation, they are generally found to acquire different takents. I smore in writing is the objection of geffection, and is to size tonches and labour hought towest the regligery are of active; whereas wit in conversation is an every confiction, and glove brightest when the managing of the thought the moment it saids or is counting new-born these.

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People on pleased at sittle the sanceresson they are and of diversion of any cind, not for the work of the diversion because the mind is not asie to near an intense train of thinking; and yet the consing of thought is installed or rather ampossible.

do such an uneary eilemms, the mistealy, excursions of wit give the mind its natural action, without latigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the magination—

Small Pica, No. 7.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quam diu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese eff renata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium pa latii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus lo cus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia tene ri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ vide-

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But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature: hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos au-

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ARCDEFGHAR (MNOFFRETU) VENYARIE

OBBURGARE 1

But wend the of with levie areasedom grace.
It is nouse not thee, mashe not the uniably hence.
There ever here, where the almit splinter,
Wells in the metter tree; shoots, elements. Hence
The fact producion that o'resupends the sentent.
Fings from the One direct she familiar the
Freds every eventure; hack the trapes levie;
And, as on Beath this grateful change review.
With transport touches all the engines of the

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We have the pleasure to annex for your information a memorandum containing particulars of the sales made here during the last two months, and of our arrivals to this day. Our prices have been very fairly supported throughout, indeed we believe no market on the long run has made better returns than this, and the adjacent Port.

Although the quantity now under delivery to the Dealers is considerable, we are happy to say the demand continues such as to afford a great probability of an advance of price on the stock remaining in first hands, but in our next we shall be able to give more particulars.

Sweet bird, that shunns't the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way.

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He less in densire in annear for your reparations a suspense of the sales made proposed are containing particulars of the sales made fore aiming the last was months, and of our circicals to this day. Our mines have been respiritly supported throughout, saided are believe no nearly fifting supported has some festion petunes than this, and the adjacent Port. Although the quantity now under delivery to the dealers is remainerable are one houses to may the decond continues with as to affine aprest probability of an advance of price on the speck remaining in first hands, but in our near green house particulars.

Sweet bird, that singus I the misch I filly along making must malarational Thorach chanters, wh, the washs among I wee, to bear the examination of making theoral walk master. On the dry smooth-sharen greens. To behold the arandering mean hearthybear moon.

If the one died had been led acres, the latter one died had been led acres, ways I walk acres.

Through the browen's wide pathless ways.

BOURGEOIS, No. 6. 3

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hie munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istus furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex

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Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjuration num tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te

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Dois-je oublier Hector privé de funérailles,
Et traîné sans honneur autour de nos murailles?
Dois-je oublier son pere à mes pieds renversé,
Ensanglantant l'autel qu'il tenoit embrassé?
Songe, songe, Céphise, à cette nuit cruelle
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle;
Figure-toi Pyrrhus, les yeux étincelants,
Entrant à la lueur de nos palais brûlants,
Sur tous mes freres morts se faisant un passage,
Et, de sang tout couvert, échauffant le carnage;
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourants
Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirants;
Peins-toi dans ces horreurs Andromaque éperdue:
Voilà comme Pyrrhus vint s'offrir à ma vue.

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